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A Collection of Adventures and Quest - CYOA



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Chapter 1 by Erika A

For a Fools' Gold--

The night was dark, and heavy rain was beating upon molded rags which kept fast to rotted corpses being traversed to a near town for gold. A miasma of sorts could be smelt for miles as the bodies rumbled against the sway of the horse they traveled upon. They went across dead lands of warriors and refugees of whom fought their battles day by day and had naught the cause to murder for their recklessness. Lorna who walked beside her horse Miakel carried themselves through it all. It would be nearly dawn before the traveling company would land themselves upon a roadside tavern 'n inn and find refuge before starting anew later that day. Luckily for Lorn, the bar was open late so she went up to the stable-shed and made a quick home for Miakel near a pure white mare and a stallion of some sort. A fine breed she thought to herself as she saw to Miakel's need for food and water. The bar was empty except for two brutes and a garnished man sitting near the door at a booth. They paid Lorna no mind. The tavern's owner, on the other hand, was a little more weary of strangers, his voice frayed as he spoke,

"Mind you, sir, cloaked in black. No weapons of any kind 're allowed within mass during war times. 'Tis policy."

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Lorna swept the hood of t
they locked onto her big e

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he owner hardened as
weight bowgun draped

her back. At either of her sides were a large dagger, a foot-long scythe and several hand and throwing knives. She replied in a courteous tone,

"I am sorry, sir, but I have not a place to keep my possessions and they are too dear to me to allow them to suffer damage outside, is there any way that I could keep them on me for the rest of this early morn? It obviously casts no shred of fear against those here."

"Leave 'em at the door, o' be on your way."

She smiled and took off her sword, bow, scythe, and daggers. Then went to go sit down at the bar, near the center.

"Go-on now, what will you 'ave?" Questioned the owner.

"Oh, well I am not quite sure," she smiled, "Your cheapest mead will have to do, for I am on a budget."

Not long after Lorna ordered, the garnished man made his way over to the seat next to her and asked,

"A mead, for a girl like you?"

Lorna glanced over to him with full intention and smiled. A heavy-set aroma of sweat, state-inducing herbs and liquor radiated off of him and into her nasal passages. Leading him on she said,

"Well sometimes you have to make do with what you have got,"

The owner passes the quart to her in a simple stroke, but the man gestures to the owner to take it back.

"Go ahead and put that on my tab, but please bring the girl some of your more finer stuff." He slurred as he talked, and talked slowly. Looking towards her he continued, "that grog will not

touch her lips so long as I am present. Now tell me, what is your name?"

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Lorna hesitated, then spoke.

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"Lila."

"Well then, Lila, I am honored to be in your presence."

He reached down and groped her hand then brought it up to his lips for a gentleman's kiss, she eyed him flirtatiously and said,

"I'm the farthest thing from royal, and what's the point when there's no ring to kiss?"

"Your beauty is royal enough, Lila. A beautiful name for a beautiful woman. So, what brings you hear so late in the night and in such weather?"

Making conversation, Lorna just said the first thing that she could think of.

"Well, I was trying to make it to the next city over earlier this day but I had trouble with a group of lowlife bandits," She laughed and continued, "I carry all of these weapons but cannot even help myself when I need to! They took most of what I had on me." The man was looking displeased the more she talked so she quickly changed the topic. "I am truly sorry, but I cannot continue unless I know the name of the man that queries me"

"Do you not already know?"

"Cannot be sure, sorry?"

She knew exactly who she was taking to and had made note of it from the moment she had walked through the rotting wooden doors of the bar. He smirked as he pompously stated his name,

"Axel Rhorn, my girl, you ever hear of the Vieseralik, supposably well-known in this region." She nodded in amusement, as he continued, "Now, tell me more about yourself, I can only assume that you have come from the bay-port area?"

The Vieseralik was notorious of being a cult of elite criminals. The church is powerful and for many is considered to be a safe haven for petty thieves and murderers. Rhorn's name was

flowing through the town that Lorna had just parted from the day before, and because of him being apart of the higher ranks v... have never saw herself in the same place as him. The owner placed a high stool with his shavens submerged within it in front of Lorna, then grimaced

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"Drink up ye highness!"

Lorna glanced up at him and smiled,

"I will thank you, and another thanks in advance."

Lorna took the rusting metal glass into her hand and emptied it before she could put it back down. She looked over to Axel and saw that he was impressed, then started,

"Could we possibly continue this conversation within your room?"

He smiled by her question,

"Well I guess that decision rests in your hands."

"Well then we should probably go before the sun strikes noon, I have got somewhere I need to be."

As she got up with his hand in hers, she surveyed the room. The two brutes were talking amongst themselves, and had not a thing to drink during the time that Lorna had entered the bar. She assumed for the worst and thought that they had not much to drink, if anything, the entire time that they had been there.

'They are hired then,' she thought, 'therefore he must be worth more now. Dammit, then they most likely would not allow me to his room with my stuff, they look intelligent too.'

After a drawn out debate of whether she should go to his room and deal with the mercs later or simply settle the score right then and there, she found herself leaning on the latter. As soon as she had walked him to the point to where the door was just out of his reach she turned to him, pressing herself closely against his body and alluringly said just a little under her breath,

"You know the best thing about finding yourself at a place like this? You never know what good is going to come from it."

Before that could process with Axel, she rapidly reached from under her cloak to her lower back to her quiver of arrows and pulled one out. She moved his adam's apple guiding it up to the center of his breast. She used her hand to use him as a shield for on coming attacks from one of the thugs. She was not heard by Axel but only before he had begun to choke and drown from the coarsing blood spurting from and through

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his throat. She had kept a few knives on her just incase the brutes were too much to handle, and utilized them as such. Still holding the now hacked body of Axel she reached to her side and grabbed a knife that swiftly found a new home in between the eyes of the closest brute.

Once there was just one brute left, she allowed Axel to make peace with the now bloodied floor of the bar and pulled out her last knife. The brute was definitely bigger than the last and more conscious of his movements. Lorna and him paced in circles around the bar thinking of ways to attack for almost a minute before the brute finally made his move. He bolted at her bringing both him and Lorna into an oncoming debris of chairs and tables. Lorna was still clutching her knife and so the brute tried to beat it out of her hand but when she wouldn't resist letting go, he then settled on choking her. Lorna was running fast out of air and out of options; the brute had a fast grip over her wrist and neck and her thoughts were beginning to haze. Without thinking, she had begun to weakly batter the upon the brutes head with her open palm, but the brute only smiled at her pathetic attempt. Within her last minutes of consciousness, she remembered that she had just a few arrows left within her quiver. She then reached for one and by that time she was so weak that she had to hit the tip of the arrow at his temple several times before she could pierce a hole deep enough so that his attention could turn from killing her and onto helping himself.

Once he had let go, she gasped for air, thinking about how close she was to death while getting up. The brute was on his knees wallowing in agony and trying to dislodge the arrow from his head, but before he could, Lorna was back on the offense. Angry from her earlier experience, she wasted no time in lodging her knife into each of the brute's eyes, and making him suffer. From his knees, the brute fell to the floor in a dilemma of whether to pull the knives out and bleed to death or not.

Panting from the attack, her eyes roamed across the bar and with guilt, she saw the damage that she had dealt. After she had caught her breath, her gaze rested upon the owner of the bar. He was slouching in deep within a corner of the bar looking at her with contempt. She sighed, and directed her full attention towards the owner.

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she eyed him for a while before she could believe him to stay true to her word, then looked down to the late Axel Rhom and began to see if he had

any money on him. She found several various types of currencies from different regions mixed with about a dozen coppers.

"Here you go, I found some coppers to pay for the drinks, here,"

Lorna had started for the keep but he only tensed the closer she got, to help him she then placed the money on the bar where she had previously sat, then said,

"Oh, and don't worry, I'll have the bodies out of your way," and before she could take her leave, she said, "I am thankful for your having me," then said her farewells.

Lorna then walked over to the dead brute and began to drag him from the bar. Although he was three times her size, she made it seem as if he was nothing more than a sack of flour. Lorna dragged him from the bar and into the stables to tie him to her horse. She did the same with the other brute and then Axel, but only after she had dismembered Axel's head, fingers and toes from his body with her long sword and dagger. She covered the severed parts within rags that presumably had a concoction of distilled oils and remedies to preserve the rotting flesh from fully decaying before she turned them in. After tying up the three bodies to the back of her saddle and carefully secured the head of Axel Rhorn she walked alongside Miakel and left the bodies within a nearside forest. Afterward, Lorn parted ways with the roadside tavern and continued on her long journey to the city of Gardel.

The story is supposed to be a collection of stand alone adventures that follow the protagonist, Lorna and her horse Mikael. (Basically a literal CYOA). The chapters are not continuous and any fantasy themes and/or elements are accepted at any rate of description. Write awesomely and have fun!

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

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